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SPECIAL ISSUE: "PANIC" MADE TO LOOK LIKE
GOSSIP-TYPE RAG
NOW ON STANDS!



NO. 9

250

400

CANADA

Comicfidential

DIGS UP THE DIRT AND DROPS THE NAMES

MAR



LOWDOWN: CAN SUPERMAN REALLY LEAP
TALL BUILDINGS AT A SINGLE BOUND?



EXPOSED: THE TRUTH BEHIND
DICK TRACY'S BLACK SUIT



WHY SMILIN' JACK IS ALWAYS SMILING



**DOES WALTER WINCHELL
READ COMICS?**

DOCTORS IN COMIC STRIPS DEPT. (AVERAGE DOSAGE: BLACK AND WHITE DAILY...IN COLOR ON SUNDAY! DIVISION): WE OF PANG ARE PROUD TO PAY HOMAGE TO THOSE GALLANT MEN WHO, IN THEIR RELENTLESS SEARCH FOR NEW ILLS TO CONQUER, GO ABOUT THEIR DAILY TASK OF COMFORTING THE SICK AND DISHEARTENED WITH QUIET DETERMINATION, BRINGING HOPE TO THE SHUT-IN, HELP TO THE SUFFERING, AND JOY TO THE MISERABLE! AND THOSE GALLANT MEN ARE... THE WRITER AND ARTIST OF THAT POPULAR SYNDICATED NEWSPAPER STRIP...*

Rx MIGRANE M.D.

BLADDER, GALLSTONE & ELDER

DOCTOR MIGRANE...CALL SURGERY!
DOCTOR Rx MIGRANE...CALL SURGERY!

GOSH, THERE'S NO REST FOR THE WEARY, IS THERE, DOCTOR MIGRANE?

THE HECK THERE'S NOT! DOCTOR WEARY SPENDS SIX MONTHS A YEAR IN BERMUDA!



*THE COMIC STRIP, THAT IS!

PLEASE HURRY, DOCTOR MIGRANE! YOU'RE WANTED FOR AN URGENT CONSULTATION!

EHH...WHAT'S UP, DOC? CHOMP...CHOMP...

THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE HERE, Rx! YOU MUST HELP ME MAKE AN IMPORTANT DECISION!

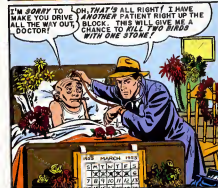
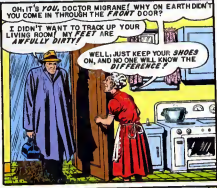
TREE SURGERY

I HATE TO KEEP BOTHERING YOU LIKE THIS, Rx, BUT THIS TYPE OF THING IS YOUR SPECIALTY! I WANTED AN EXPERT'S ADVICE BEFORE I WENT AHEAD!

MMMHMM...



*LATIN FOR: "IT'S TOO TIGHT, IDIOT!"



WELL, IT'S TIME TO BE GETTING BACK TO MY OFFICE. I SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT MY NURSE JUNE ALL ALONE SO LONG!

THE POOR GIRL IS PROBABLY UP TO HER NECK IN BILLING!

MEDICAL FACT: A MAN TOOK CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS ALL OF HIS LIFE. WHEN HE DIED, THEY HAD TO BEAT HIS LIVER TO DEATH!

GOSH, I'M GLAD YOU FINALLY GOT HERE, RX! I'VE BEEN UP TO MY NECK IN BILLING!

SEE? WHAT DID I TELL YOU?

AN APPLE A DAY KEEPS THE DOCTOR AWAY!
AN ONION WILL DO THE SAME THING!

SEND IN THE FIRST PATIENT, NURSE!

YES, DOCTOR!

PSST! YOU CAN COME OUT NOW, IRVING, AND WE CAN CONTINUE BILLING!

TAKE OFF THE COAT, I AM BOY!

SPLASH! SPOLOOSH!

DOCTOR MIGRAINE, IS IT TRUE THAT MEN WHO DON'T SMOKE, DRINK, OR RUN AROUND WITH WOMEN LIVE LONGER?

NO! IT ONLY SEEMS LONGER!

\$5.00, PLEASE...

DOCTOR, NONE OF THE BOYS EVER TRY TO MAKE DATES WITH ME ANYMORE! WOULD YOU SUGGEST PLASTIC SURGERY?

DEFINITELY! THE ONLY PROBLEM IS, WHO SHOULD DO THE JOB? ME... OR A VETERINARIAN?

\$11.50, PLEASE...

DOCTOR, DO YOU THINK THAT THE FACT THAT I AM A NURSE HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH MY CATCHING COLD ALL THE TIME?

I'VE HAD A BAD CHILL ALL DAY!

MY ADVICE IS: GO HOME, GET DRESSED AND GET RIGHT INTO BED!

\$13.00, PLEASE!

I'M BOTHERED BY A PERSISTENT LITTLE WART I'D LIKE REMOVED!

I'M A DOCTOR, MADAM! THE DIVORCE LAWYER IS TWO DOORS DOWN!

\$6.00, PLEASE.

WELL, THAT WASN'T A BAD DAY'S WORK! I EARNED THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS...

...AND BEST OF ALL, I GOT RID OF A BUNCH OF TWO-LINE PATIENT-DOCTOR GAGS THAT HAVE BEEN CLUTTERING UP MY FILES FOR YEARS!

WELL, DOCTOR! I'M FINISHED WITH MY BILLING! WHAT SAY YOU ANOME DO A LITTLE GOINGS, NOW?

I HAVEN'T THE TIME RIGHT NOW, JUNE! I'M SCHEDULED TO GIVE A LECTURE AT THE MEDICAL SCHOOL IN 15 MINUTES!



THE GIRL IS NAUPLY IN LOVE WITH ME, BUT I MUST NOT PERMIT MYSELF TO BECOME EMOTIONALLY INVOLVED WITH HER!

AFTER ALL, I AM A DOCTOR OF MEDICINE... WHILE SHE IS BUT A LOWLY, NUMBLE SECRETARY-NURSE. I HAVE TOO, TOO MUCH TO LOSE!

MY PROFESSIONAL REPUTATION!

MY SOCIAL STANDING!

MY M.D. LICENSE PLATES WHICH LET ME PARK IN NO-PARKING ZONES!



AH, SACRED HALL OF LEARNING! I REMEMBER HOW I, TOO... LIKE THE YOUNG STUDENTS I AM ABOUT TO ADDRESS... STOOD ON THIS VERY SPOT TEN YEARS AGO AND PLEDGED MYSELF TO WORK AS HARO AS IS HUMANLY POSSIBLE TO MASTER MY CHOSEN PROFESSION!

OH, HOW I STUDIED AND PRACTICED AND SLICED AND CUT AND STITCHED WITHIN THESE SAME NALLOWED WALLS!

NEVER DID PASS THAT NOMEMAKING COURSE, THOUGH!



... AND SO, STUDENTS, WE SEE THAT THE CAPILLARY ACTION OF THE HEMOSTAT INHIBITS THE NEO-ORGANISMAL LYMPHATIC PROCESS, THEREBY EFFECTING A CHANGE IN THE EPIODERMIC STRUCTURE. THIS, OF COURSE, PERTAINS ONLY TO A MICRO-BACTERIOLOGICAL CHANGE IN THE POTRZEBIE AREA, AND IS NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH A CHANGE IN THE PRISMATIC VEEBLEFETZERS OF THE FERSHLUGNIGER GLANDS!

ARE THERE ANY QUESTIONS?

YES! WHAT'S "BLANOS"?



DR. MIGRANE! WHAT ARE YOUR VIEWS ON ANATOMY?

AFTER TEN YEARS IN THE MEDICAL PROFESSION, I CAN STATE UNEQUIVOCALLY THAT ANATOMY IS SOMETHING THAT EVERYBODY'S GOT...

ONLY ON GIRLS IT LOOKS GOOD!



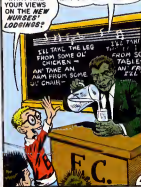
DR. MIGRANE! WHAT ARE YOUR VIEWS ON CROSS-BREEDING OF ANIMALS FOR EXPERIMENTAL PURPOSES?

IN A RECENT EXPERIMENT IN AN UPSTATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, THEY TRIED TO CROSS-BREED A ROOSTER WITH A ROOSTER. THE RESULTS WERE TWO VERY CROSS ROOSTERS! I BELIEVE THAT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF!



DR. MIGRANE! WHAT ARE YOUR VIEWS ON THE NEW NURSES' LODGINGS?

NOT BAD... IF I LEAN WAY OUT MY WINDOW!



...AND SO, FUTURE DOCTORS OF AMERICA, NOW THAT THE TORCH OF KNOWLEDGE HAS BEEN HELD OUT TO YOU, **CLUTCH IT TIGHTLY AND HOLD IT HIGH!** THOSE PALM-BURNS CAN BE PAINFUL!

AND IF YOU WANT TO MAKE A NAME FOR YOURSELF IN THE MEDICAL PROFESSION, MY ADVICE IS: **WORK HARD, STUDY CONSTANTLY, AND NEVER LET UP IN YOUR QUEST FOR KNOWLEDGE!**

AND ABOVE ALL...TRY TO GET YOURSELF **SYNDICATED**...LIKE I DID!



I'D BETTER BE GETTING BACK TO THE OFFICE, JUNE IS PROBABLY UP TO HER EAR IN PHONE CALLS!



AM I GLAD YOU'RE **BACK, RX!** I'VE BEEN UP TO MY EARS IN **PHONE CALLS!**

WHAT DID I **TELL YOU?**

PEOPLE HAVE BEEN CALLING FOR APPOINTMENTS **ALL DAY!** I HAD TO TURN MOST OF THEM **DOWN!**



AFTER ALL, A GIRL CAN'T GO OUT **EVERY NIGHT IN THE WEEK!**

SURE! SURE! BUT WERE THERE ANY CALLS FOR **ME?**

NOPE! SORRY...



LEAVING LIVERS! IF THIS KEEPS UP, I'LL BE OUT OF **BUSINESS IN A WEEK!**

I'LL HAVE TO CUT DOWN ON MY **EXPENSES!**



JUNE, IF YOU WANT TO KEEP **WORKING** FOR ME, I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE A CUT IN **SALARY!** WHAT ARE THE **LOWEST** WAGES YOU'LL **WORK FOR?**

FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS A WEEK!

YOU MEAN FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS **TAKE-HOME** PAY, OR DOES THAT INCLUDE **WITHHOLDING?**

WITH **HOLDING** IT'LL COST YOU **FIFTY, BWAH!**



OH, **RX...MARRY ME** AND I'LL WORK FOR YOU FOR **NOTHING!**

I'LL **COOK** FOR YOU! I'LL **DARN** YOUR **SOCKS!**

I'LL EVEN **SCRUB** FLOORS FOR YOU!

YOU'VE GOT A NERVE ASKING ME TO MARRY A **SCRUBWOMAN!**



NO, THERE MUST BE AN EASIER WAY THAN THAT! IF ONLY I HAD SOME RICH CLIENTS...

OR BETTER YET... IF ONLY I COULD GET ON THE PANEL OF THAT MEDICAL T.V. SHOW "I'VE GOT A SECRETION!"



I'VE GOT AN IDEA, RX! WHY DON'T YOU GET INTO ONE OF THOSE GROUPS OF IMPARTIAL DOCTORS WHO TEST CIGARETTES? YOU KNOW... WHERE 9 OUT OF 10 DOCTORS AGREE THAT ONE BRAND IS Milder THAN ALL THE OTHERS!

I ALREADY TRIED THAT... BUT THEY ALWAYS MAKE ME THE DOCTOR WHO DISAGREES WITH THE OTHER 9!

AND HE DON'T GET PAID!

MI



NO, JUNE! WHAT I NEED IS SOMETHING BIG! SOMETHING SENSATIONAL! A CASE THAT WILL MOVE MY NAME FROM THE COMIC PAGE TO THE FRONT PAGE OF EVERY NEWSPAPER IN THE COUNTRY!

MENTAL WARD



TAKE DOCTOR DEFOE, FOR EXAMPLE! REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM AFTER HE DELIVERED THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS!

YES! HE CHANGED HIS NAME TO JEAN HERNHOLT!



AND THEN THERE WAS DOCTOR MELVIN MUCKLE! HE WAS THE FIRST PSYCHIATRIST EVER TO BE EMPLOYED IN A POTTERY FACTORY!

WHAT DID HE DO?

HE LOOKED AFTER THE CRACKED POTS!



AND WHAT ABOUT DOCTOR IRA BDERNDERN? NOW THERE WAS A MAN WHO, WHILE HE WAS STILL IN MED SCHOOL, WENT DOWN IN HISTORY!

WHAT'D HE DO?

NOTHING! IT'S JUST THAT HISTORY WAS HIS PODDEST SUBJECT! HE FLUNKED IT!



DOCTOR MIRRANE! THIS MAY BE IT! A WOMAN EXPECTING SEXTUPLETS MOMENTARILY IS ON THE PHONE, AND SHE WANTS YOU TO DELIVER THEM!

NO! NO! I NEED SOMETHING SENSATIONAL! SOMETHING WITH A NEWSPAPER ANGLE!

BESIDES! YOU KNOW WE DON'T DELIVER AFTER 4:00 P.M.!



HOW'S THIS, THEN? A FLYING SAUCER JUST CRASHED IN THE BACK YARD AND THE PILOT'S LEGS ARE BROKEN!

SO WHAT'S SO RARE ABOUT THAT? PEOPLE BREAK THEIR LEGS EVERY DAY!

ALL SEVEN OF THEM?



OH, SAY... *THERE'S* SOMETHING! A FELLOW'S WALKING AROUND DOWN THERE WITH A *SWORD* STICKING THROUGH HIS *STOMACH*... HIS *ONE* *ST* RIDDLE WITH MACHINE-GUN BULLETS... AND AN *AXE* IMBEDDED IN HIS *SCALP*!

YOU *STILL* DON'T GET THE IDEA! WE NEED SOMETHING *UNUSUAL*! SOMETHING OUT OF THE *ORDINARY*!



JUNE! I'VE GOT IT! A SENSATIONAL IDEA!

REMEMBER ALL OF THE PUBLICITY MILTON BONIFF GOT WHEN HE KILLED OFF THE "ORASSIN" LADY?"

YOU MEAN...?

EXACTLY! I'LL POISON MYSELF! THE LETTERS AND TELEGRAMS WILL POUR IN FROM READERS DEMANDING THAT I BE BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE!

WHAT A GIMMICK!!



B-BUT, RX...!

NOW, DON'T GET *EXCITED*, JUNE! I DON'T *REALLY* INTEND TO POISON MYSELF! I'LL JUST *PRETEND* TO!

B-BUT, RX...!

YESTERDAY, I SWITCHED THE LABEL ON THIS BOTTLE OF DISTILLED WATER WITH A BOTTLE OF TOXIG POISON...



BUT, RX! I...

NOW GIVE ME A FEW MINUTES TO GET COMFORTABLE ON THE FLOOR BEFORE YOU NOTIFY THE SYNDI-GATE...

BUT, RX! I... I...

NOW, NOW! NO HYSTERICS, OLD GIRL! I DON'T WANT YOU TO RUIN THIS WHOLE THING BY OVER-ACTING!



I... I... AY-AY-AY! I TRIED TO EXPLAIN THAT TODAY I SWITCHED THE LABELS BACK AGAIN!

YOU'RE A WITNESS!!



Rx MIGRANE, M.D.

BY HTRZO PLTYSSUR

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IT IS WITH THE DEEPEST REGRET AND SORROW THAT WE ANNOUNCE THE DISCONTINUATION OF Rx MIGRANE, M.D.

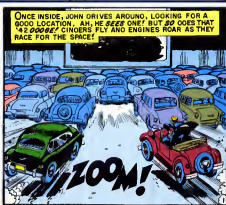
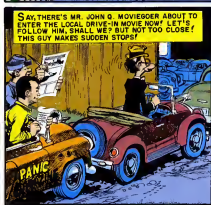
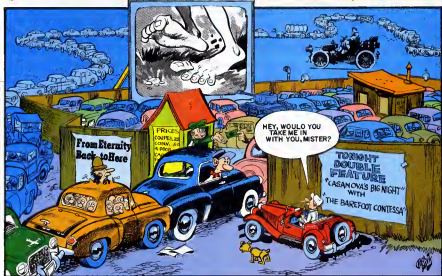
BLADDER GALLSTONE & ELDER.

POOPIK THE SAILOR

WHY, OLIVE? IZ YOU READY TO GO WIT? I SURE AM, YOU. HUM? WHY YOU...? I YAM WHAT I YAM I AN THA'S ALL THAT Y

(A SATIRICAL LOOK AT THE AMERICAN SCENE DEPT. (HOW PEOPLE ARE AMUSING THEMSELVES THESE NIGHTS' DIVISION): IF YOU'RE A *FILM FAN*, YOU'VE PROBABLY *NEARD* OF OR EVEN *TRIED* THIS LATEST INNOVATION IN NIGHTTIME ENTERTAINMENT. YES, FOLKS... NOW YOU CAN SEE HOLLYWOOD'S LATEST EPIC IN THE COMFORT OF YOUR *OWN AUTOMOBILE!* NO MORE STANDING IN A SLOW-MOVING LINE WAITING TO GET INTO THE LOCAL BIJOU ON SATURDAY NIGHT, NOW YOU CAN *SIT* IN A SLOW-MOVING LINE WAITING TO GET INTO THE...

Drive In Movie!



THIS IS FOLLOWED BY THE CRUNCH OF COLLAPSING FENDERS AND THE SCRAPE OF INTERLOCKING BUMPERS AS THE TWO CARS ARRIVE SIMULTANEOUSLY. FROM THIS NEW ANGLE, JOHN THINKS HE IS WATCHING AN INDIAN PICTURE, AS HIS VIEW OF THE SCREEN IS BLOCKED BY HIS PONTIAC RADIATOR CAP!

HMM! THAT'S BURT LANCASTER?!

HEY! DOWN IN FRONT!

THERE ARE ATTENDANTS TO LOOK AFTER ALL OF YOUR NEEDS IN A DRIVE-IN MOVIE! THERE'S THE FELLOW WHO WIPES YOUR WINDSHIELD AND THE FELLOW WHO ATTACHES THE SMALL ADJUSTABLE SPEAKER TO THE INSIDE OF YOUR WINDOW AND THE FELLOW WHO PEDDLES SOFT-DRINKS AND SANDWICHES!

SO WITH HIS WINDSHIELD CLEAN AND THE VOLUME TUNED JUST RIGHT, JOHN PREPARES TO SETTLE BACK TO ENJOY THE PICTURE WITH

JOHN!

MARSHA!

BUT WITH HIS VERY FIRST BITE, JOHN DISCOVERS THAT THE BURGER IS A LITTLE MORE WELL-DONE THAN HE LIKES...

JOHN, I...

YEEOW!

KRUNCK
KRACK

NO WONDER! JOHN'S TAKEN A BITE OUT OF THE SMALL ADJUSTABLE SPEAKER!

WHAT
HAPPEN?

THE ATTENDANT GRUDGINGLY HANDS JOHN ANOTHER SPEAKER. THIS TIME WITH NO KATSUP... AND HE SETTLES BACK IN HIS SEAT FOR SOME SOLID SCREEN ENJOYMENT...

SOON JOHN REALIZES THAT ONE OF HISTORY'S MOST THRILLING LOVE SCENES IS BEING PLAYED RIGHT BEFORE HIS VERY EYES...

WOW

HE ALMOST FALLS OUT OF HIS CAR WITH EMOTION AS HE IS SWEEPED ALONG IN THE SPELL OF THE VIOLENT PASSION HE IS NOW WITNESSING...

WEE

BUT THEN, JUST AS THE SCENE IS ABOUT TO REACH ITS MOST EXCITING CLIMAX, THE GUY PULLS DOWN THE VENETIAN BLINDS AND JOHN HAS TO GO BACK TO WATCHING THE MISERABLE ACTION ON THE SCREEN...

DRAT!

CLACKETY KLIK

JUST MARRIED

BUT, ALAS, JOHN CAN'T SEE THE SCREEN ANYMORE, EITHER, AS AN ANCIENT VEEBLEFETZER HIGH-TOP CONVERTIBLE HAS JUST BACKED IN AHEAD OF HIM. SO JOHN ASKS THE WOMAN-DRIVER FOR A LITTLE CONSIDERATION...

LADY! WOULD YOU MIND REMOVING YOUR HOOD?

BUT THE OWNER OF THE CAR AHEAD IGNORES JOHN, NOW HE WILL HAVE TO FIGURE OUT WHAT THE MOVIE IS ABOUT BY LISTENING TO THE SOUND-TRACK...

OH, STURDLEY! I LOVE YOU SO!

YOU TOO!!

AH! IT MUST BE A GANGSTER PICTURE... PROHIBITION ERA! JOHN CAN HEAR THE SCREAM OF TIRES AS THE GET-AWAY CAR TAKES A SHARP CURVE... THE TOMMY-GUNS BLASTING THE LIFE OUT OF SOME HONEST SPEAK-EASY OWNER WHO WON'T BUY PROTECTION... THE SMASHING OF BOTTLES AND MIRRORS AS THEY TURN HIS PLACE INTO A SHAMBLES IN REVENGE!

SCREECH!

BLAM!

BLAM
BAP
KLANG!

POTI-ZEBIE SMASHES, TOO!

ACTUALLY, THE PICTURE'S ABOUT A NIGHT WATCHMAN IN A SNEAKER FACTORY! THE NOISES JOHN HEARS ARE FROM THE HOT-ROD THAT JUST PULLED IN NEXT TO HIM!



OH, WELL... JOHN FIGURES... THINGS WILL QUIET DOWN AGAIN WHEN THE LAD SHUTS OFF HIS MOTOR. JOHN WAITS FOR HIM TO SHUT OFF HIS MOTOR. HE WAITS... AND WAITS... AND...

MAN, I SAID WHAT'S A SENSE IN SHUTTIN' IT OFF WHEN I ONLY GOTTA START IT UP AGAIN IN A COUPLE OF HOURS?!

DID ME, POPS?

CHUG
POW
CHUG
POW

CRAZY, MAN!
GO! GO! GO!

HOWEVER, DISTURBING THE PEACE IS NOT THE ONLY THING JOHN'S ADOLESCENT NEIGHBOR IS GUILTY OF. BY REMOVING THE SPARE FROM HIS TRUNK, THIS CLEVER CREEP HAS MANAGED TO SMUGGLE IN WHAT SEEMS LIKE HIS ENTIRE ADVANCED BIOLOGY CLASS...

OKAY, GANG! THE USHER'S GONE! PILE OUT!

CRAZY, DAD!



JOHN DECIDES THAT HE'D BETTER MOVE TO ANOTHER SPOT BEFORE HE BECOMES INVOLVED WITH THIS MOB OF JUVENILE GATE-CRASHERS...

YOU CATS HOLO THE SPACE WHILE I GO BACK FOR ANOTHER LOAD!

DRIVE CAREFULLY, MELVIN!



SO JOHN CRUISES AROUND SEARCHING FOR A NICE QUIET SPOT. AH, THERE'S ONE BETWEEN THOSE TWO SMALL CARS. JOHN THINKS FOR A MOMENT THAT HE MUST BE IN THE CHILDREN'S SECTION... BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THE DRIVERS BOTH SEEM TO BE MATURE ADULT GROWN-UPS!



BUT THEY ONLY SEEM TO BE! JUST AS JOHN IS REFOCUSING HIS EYE-BALLS, THE DRIVERS ON EITHER SIDE GREET EACH OTHER, AS IS THE CUSTOM AMONG SPORTS-CAR OWNERS...



THE TWO ENTHUSIASTS ARE SOON DISCUSSING THE LATEST ADVANCES IN THE FIELD OF SMALL SPORT-CARS...

SAY, HAVE YOU SEEN THE NEW POTRZEBIE-B WITH THE MULTIPLE SUSPENSION SPRINGS?

NAAH! GIVE ME AN UNDERSLUNG LOLLORISIDA ANY TIME! THOSE ITALIAN JOBS ARE REALLY PUT TOGETHER!



POTRZEBIE NOT ONLY SPRINGS... IT BOUNCES!

AND, AS THE DISCUSSION GETS HOTTER, SO DOES JOHN... UNDER THE COLLAR!

I'M THINKING OF GETTING A ZAMBEEZ! "PLAYBOY" NEXT! YOU KNOW... THE ONE WITH THE BLOODSHOT HEADLIGHTS??

MAN, HOW CAN IT COMPARE WITH THE GLENHEIM ONE-SEATER?



FINALLY, JOHN CAN STAND NO MORE OF THIS INANE CHATTER! HE THROWS HIS GEARS INTO REVERSE AND DRIVES OFF IN A HUFF!

NOT A BAD CAR... THE HUFF!

FOR MY DOUGH, I'LL TAKE A FANTHUM ANY DAY OF THE WEEK!



AT THIS POINT, JOHN REALIZES HE IS STARVING, HAVING SKIPPED DINNER IN ORDER TO CATCH THE COMPLETE DOUBLE FEATURE. SO HE HEADS FOR THE REFRESHMENT STAND AT THE REAR OF THE GROUNDS...

YUM!
YUM!

DRIVE-IN REFRESHMENT STAND



HOW'D IT HAPPEN?

A '52 FORD GOT HER WHILE SHE WAS TRYING TO FIND HER CAR!

WHEN JOHN GETS TO THE REFRESHMENT STAND, HE NOTICES THAT ALL OF THE OTHER CARS ARE BLOWING THEIR HORNS IMPATIENTLY FOR SERVICE...



BUT DOES JOHN ADD TO THE DIN? OH, NO! NOT JOHN! HE'S TOO MUCH OF A GENTLEMAN TO BE INFECTED WITH MASS HYSTERIA! INSTEAD, HE WAITS... CALMLY... PATIENTLY... KNOWING THAT HE WILL BE SERVED JUST AS QUICKLY AND EFFICIENTLY WITHOUT RESORTING TO SUCH VULGAR DEMONSTRATIONS...



AND SURE ENOUGH, IN A MATTER OF MINUTES, THE WAITRESS IS AT JOHN'S CAR WINDOW... ALONG WITH THE COOK, THE DISHWASHER, AND THE MANAGER...

S'MATTER? Y'AIN'T GONNA EAT? DON'TCHA LIKE THE FOOD HERE!? YER HORN OUT OF ORDER OR SOMETHIN'? SO'WAN! DEAT IT, BUM!



HURT AND HUMILIATED, JOHN RETURNS TO THE MOVIE AREA TO ERASE THE MEMORY OF BEING GROWLED AT UNJUSTLY. BUT HIS STOMACH, WHICH IS ALSO GROWLING, WON'T LET HIM...

HEY! DON'TCHA KNOW THEY DON'T ALLOW NO DOGS IN HERE!? SHUT THAT MUTT UP!



BUT NOW, AS THE STORY ON THE SCREEN MOUNTS STEADILY TO ITS GRIPPING CLIMAX, ALL HUNGER IS FORGOTTEN! ONLY ONE THING OCCUPIES JOHN'S MIND NOW... FINDING OUT WHO THE MURDERER IS!

YOU SEE, MARSH! I KNEW WHO KILLED YOUR UNCLE WHEN I WENT INTO THAT GANDY STORE AND ORDERED A TWO CENTS PLAIN! IT ALL CAME BACK ON ME!

JOHN! YOU... YOU MEAN...?



PITCHED TO FEVER EXCITEMENT, JOHN HANGS ON EVERY WORD. HIS MOUTH DROPS HALF OPEN... HIS EYES BULGE 3/4'S OPEN... HIS EYEGLASSES BULGE COMPLETELY OPEN... BREATHLESSLY AWAITING THE DENOUEMENT!

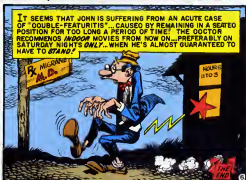
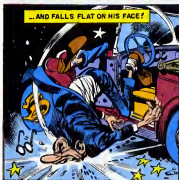
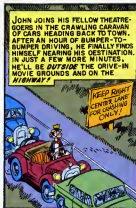
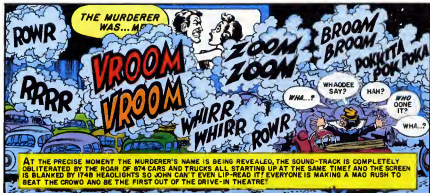
THE MURDERER WAS...

YES?...



YES?... YES?... YES?...





WILD LIFE ON T.V. DEPT. (DO NOT FEED OR ANNOY THE 21 INCH TUBE! DIVISION): THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON TELEVISION PROGRAM IS BASED UPON THE PREMISE THAT ANIMALS ARE FAR MORE INTERESTING THAN HUMANS...THAT THEY ARE CUTER, AFFECTIONATER, PLAYFULLER, AND IN MANY INSTANCES, INTELLIGENTER! BUT MOST OF ALL, THEY'RE *CHEAPER!* WHICH IS AS GOOD A REASON AS ANY TO PRODUCE A SHOW SUCH AS...

ZOO CHARADE

GOOD AFTERNOON, EVERYONE! I AM **MARVIN PERKINS**, DIRECTOR OF THE **BLINKIN' PARK ZOO** HERE IN CHICAGO... AND I'D LIKE YOU TO JOIN US ONCE AGAIN IN A LITTLE TOUR OF OUR FAMOUS **MENAGERIE!**

AND MY NAME IS **JIM SHERBERT!** MY JOB IS TO ACCOMPANY MARVIN ON THESE LITTLE TOURS AND ASK THE **SAME THINGS** THAT WE FEEL **YOU, THE AVERAGE VIEWER**, WOULD ASK IF YOU WERE **HERE!**

IN OTHER WORDS, I FOLLOW HIM AROUND AND ASK A LOT OF **STUPID QUESTIONS!**



—ADVERTISEMENT—
JUST OUT!

THE 1955 EDITION OF
"WHO'S WHO IN THE SIBERIAN ZOO"
"A MILLION YAKS!"...THE N.Y. DAILY GNUS

WELL, MARVIN, WHICH CLASS OF **ZOOLOGY** ARE WE GOING TO EXAMINE **TODAY?**

THE **FELIDAE?** THE **CANIDAE?**

THE **RODENTA?** THE **REPTILIA?**

WE'RE NOT ON THE AIR **TWO MINUTES** AND **ALREADY** YOU'RE STARTING WITH THOSE **STUPID QUESTIONS!**

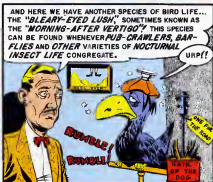
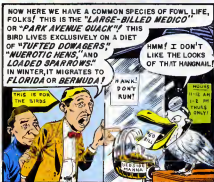
**LAUGHING
COYOTE**

SO WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

TODAY, JIM, WE'RE GOING TO TAKE A CLOSE LOOK AT SOME OF MOTHER NATURE'S SMALLER CREATURES AND STUDY THEIR STRANGE HABITS. FOR INSTANCE ...

...THIS LITTLE **"IRISH SHREW"** WHICH I'M ABOUT TO SHOW YOU IS EXTREMELY MEAN-TEMPERED... BUT BECOMES REMARKABLY AFFECTIONATE AS SOON AS SHE RECEIVES HER NEW COAT OF FUR EACH SEASON!

DANGER



COME ALONG, JIM! I WANT TO TAKE THE FOLKS ON A QUICK TOUR OF THE MONKEY HOUSE!

THESE CREATURES ALL BELONG TO THE SIMIAN FAMILY!

GEE! IT'S NICE OF YOU TO BABY-SIT FOR THEM WHILE THEY'RE AWAY!

HERE WE HAVE A CANOY EXAMPLE OF THE "UPTOWN CHEST-THUMPER"...SOMETIMES CALLED THE "BABOON-FACED GIANT ROOTER"!

HERE WE SEE HIM GIVING HIS PRIMITIVE VICTORY CRY!

MO'DER DEM BUMS!

HABITAT POLO GAUDRUS

AND IN THE NEXT CASE, WE FIND THE "SHORT-SHRIFTED FLAT-BUSH CHIMPANZEE"...A MEMBER OF THE LESSER AUNT TILLIE'S GROUP! THIS WAS ONCE A MEMBER OF A MIGHTY RACE, JIM... BUT THEY'RE FAST BECOMING EXTINCT!

THEY SURE DO!

YEAH? WELL, WAIT'LL NEXT YEAR!

HABITAT EDDYST FIELD

NOT ON THE APE MY PRIME. GORILLA MY PRIME. LOVE YOU!

ANOTHER INTERESTING VARIETY OF THE APE FAMILY IS THIS "RING-TAILED PICK-POCKET"! IF YOU'LL NOTICE, JIM, HE HAS ONLY ONE FINGER ON EACH HAND, WHICH RENDERS HIM ALMOST COMPLETELY HARMLESS! ALL HE CAN STEAL ARE LIFE-SAVERS!

HOLE-Y CANDY!

HABITAT GUDRUS CROW

MONKEY GRINES 10¢

HERE WE HAVE AN EXAMPLE OF THE "BEAR-FACED LIAR" OR "RED-BACKED ORATOR"! WHEN ATTACKED, THIS SLIMY CREATURE SLINGS MUD AT HIS ADVISORIES!

DO YOU SUPPOSE WE COULD THROW A CAMERA ON HIM, JIM?

I'D LIKE TO, MARV, BUT THESE GADGETS ARE EXPENSIVE!

YOU HAVE BLOOD TO LOSE BUT YOUR CHAIRS... LEAD TO LAUGH

DOWN WITH 2008. THE PLAYGROUND OF CAPITALISTS

NOW HERE'S A CURIOUS LITTLE ANIMAL, JIM... THE "UNMITIGATED BOAR"...KNOWN IN SOME CIRCLES AS THE "GIMLET-EYED GOSSIP-HOUND"!

GOOD EVENING, MR. AND MRS. AFRICA! FLASH... WHAT CHICKEN IS ABOUT TO CALL IT QUITS WITH WHAT WELL-KNOWN WOLF...?

NOTICE THE VARIETY OF TALES HE CARRIES!

CUB REPORTER

AND HERE'S A ROMANTIC LITTLE TYPE, JIM! THE "RUSSIAN GREGORY PEGGARY"...ALSO KNOWN AS THE "EAGER SIBERIAN BEAVER"! IT'S DIFFICULT TO LURE HIM OUT OF HIS CAGE! HE'S ALLA TIME IN THERE MAKING LOVE!

DO YOU SUPPOSE HE'D COME OUT IF I OFFERED HIM A PEANUT?

WOULD YOU?!

DO NOT DISTURB



TANYA!! I THOUGHT I TOLO YOU TO WAIT ON THE STEPPES!

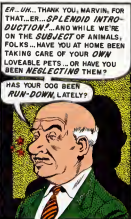
BOOT, MARVEEN..MY BEES STRAWNG CURATOR! YOU BRING OUVT DE BIST IN TANYA!

SEE? THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE A RUNNING GAG, FOLKS! BUT YOU'LL NOTICE I'M NOT RUNNING!



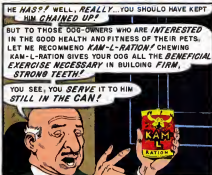
OH, SAY, NOW! HERE'S AN INTERESTING SPECIES OF THE "LONG WINDED YAK", JIM ... A SECONO COUSIN TO THE "SILVER TONGUED HONEY-DRIPPER"! NOTICE THE SMALL BEADY EYES! VERY USEFUL FOR READING FINE PRINT!

PSST! IXNAY! MARV! THAT'S THE ANNOUNCER!



ER...UH...THANK YOU, MARVIN, FOR THAT...ER...*SPLENDID INTRODUCTION!*...AND WHILE WE'RE ON THE SUBJECT OF ANIMALS, FOLKS...HAVE YOU AT HOME BEEN TAKING CARE OF YOUR *OWN* LOVEABLE PETS...OR HAVE YOU BEEN *NEGLECTING* THEM?

HAS YOUR OOG BEEN RUN-DOWN, LATELY?



HE HAS?! WELL, *REALLY*...YOU SHOULD HAVE KEPT HIM *CHAINED UP!*

BUT TO THOSE OOG-OWNERS WHO ARE *INTERESTED* IN THE GOOD HEALTH AND FITNESS OF THEIR PETS, LET ME RECOMMENO *KAM-L-RATION!* CHEWING *KAM-L-RATION* GIVES YOUR OOG ALL THE *BENEFICIAL EXERCISE NECESSARY* IN BUILDING *FIRM, STRONG TEETH!*

YOU SEE, YOU *SERVE* IT TO HIM *STILL IN THE CAN!*



KAM-L-RATION* IS A *BALANCED* DOG FOOD...RICH IN *CARBOHYDRATES...PROTEINS...DEXTROSE... AND MINERALS!

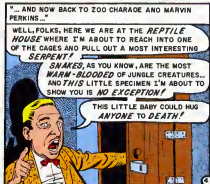
AND TALK ABOUT *MINERALS!*? SAY, ONE OF OUR SATISFIED CUSTOMERS ACTUALLY STRUCK *OIL* IN A CAN OF *KAM-L-RATION* JUST LAST WEEK!



SO REMEMBER, FOLKS! IF YOU WANT YOUR DOG TO HAVE A WELL-BALANCED OIET OF RICH RAW CAMEL HOOFS...GROUND-UP HIPPOPOTAMUS BONES...WITH WHEAT GERM AND COD LIVER OIL ADDED...ALL I CAN SAY IS...

EAT, MUTT! EAT! YOU'RE ON CAMERA!

UGH... FEH! ECCH!

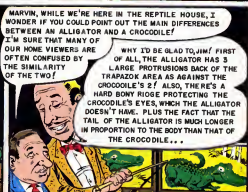
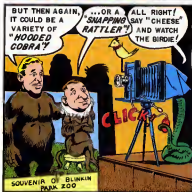


"...AND NOW BACK TO ZOO CHARAGE AND MARVIN PERKINS..."

WELL, FOLKS, HERE WE ARE AT THE *REPTILE HOUSE* WHERE I'M ABOUT TO REACH INTO ONE OF THE CAGES AND PULL OUT A MOST INTERESTING *SERPENT!*

SNAKES*, AS YOU KNOW, ARE THE MOST *WARM-BLOODED* OF JUNGLE CREATURES...AND *THIS* LITTLE SPECIMEN I'M ABOUT TO SHOW YOU IS *NO EXCEPTION!

***THIS LITTLE BABY* COULD HUG ANYONE TO DEATH!**



GINA! WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO LEARN TO KEEP YOUR KITTEN-PICKIN' HANDS OFFA MY ANIMALS!

I'M SORRY, MARVEENA... BOTTA YOU BRENGA OUT THE **BEESTA** INNA ME!

VA-VOOM! THERE'S **ONE** ROMAN THAT WASN'T BUILT IN A DAY!

HERE WE ARE AT THE CAGE OF THE FEROCIOUS "SOUTH AMERICAN WILD CAT"! BETTER STAND BACK A LITTLE, JIM! THIS CREATURE IS A **MAN-KILLER!** VERY DANGEROUS WHEN RUBBED THE WRONG WAY!

OH! **THIS** MUST BE THE ONE THAT TORE **HERNANDO'S** HIDE AWAY!

FOR SALE
SLIGHTLY
USED
JAGUAR
LOW
MILEAGE

CARMEN!! I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO WAIT IN THE CARIOCA!

BOT, MARVEEN! I YOM SO HONGRY FOR YOR **KEESES!** YOU BRING OUT THE **HOMINAL** EEN ME!

LISTEN, MARV! **YOU** HAVE ALL THE **FUN** ON THIS SHOW! HOW ABOUT LETTING **ME** REACH IN AND PICK OUT THE NEXT LUSCIOUS CREATURE? **HUH, MARV?**

HOW'S ABOUT IT, MARV, BWAH?
WHADDYA SAY?

OH, WELL! I GUESS IT **REALLY** COULDN'T DO MUCH HARM!

GEE, THANKS, MARV! I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU FOR THIS!

... AND IN THIS CAGE, WE HAVE A TANTALIZING LITTLE SPECIMEN, FOLKS...

OH, BOY, HERE WE GO!
SHE'S PUTTING HER ARM AROUND ME...
AND NOW THE OTHER...

AND NOW **ANOTHER!**?
HAH?

AND **ANOTHER!?** AND STILL **ANOTHER!?** OOPS!

NOW I'M IN THE CAGE WITH HER... AND SHE'S WRAPPING HER ARMS TIGHTER AND TIGHTER AROUND ME!

NOW SHE'S HUGGING ME AND KISSING ME!

SHE'S SMOTHERING ME WITH AFFECTION!

AND NOW SHE'S...
OH, NO!

GOOD LORD!
MMMPPH!

GOSH, MARV! I LIKE YOUR FRIEND! HE...
URPPP! HE BRINGS OUT THE **HUMAN** BEING IN ME!

HALP! MARV! GET ME OUT OF HERE!

HMMM! IT MUST BE JIM... 'CAUSE JELLYFISH DON'T SHAKE LIKE THAT!

THE
END

Continuing with its established policy of presenting its own satirical versions of the kind of columns appearing in newspapers throughout the country, *Panic* magazine now offers the "Advice to the Worried Mother" type article. This worthless bit of Pseudo-Child Psychology is usually entitled something like:

BRINGING UP BABYKINS

By Emma Noldmaid

Your child need not be a feeding problem. Really. I know. Why, with just a little applied psychology, you can solve your child-feeding problem as easily as I solved mine.

Perhaps your child is the "Grandstand Reviewer" type eater. This is a common type of feeding problem. You know the kind. Just as you're bringing that precarious spoonful of creamed string beans from his hot-plate to his little rose-bud mouth, the darling tyke does a sudden eyes right, and you plaster the stuff all over his chubby little left cheek.

Or perhaps your sweet dumpling is the "Ebbet's Field" type eater. This little dear eagerly leans forward for that heaping helping of chopped spinach, and then, in the manner of a Brooklyn rooter at Ebbet's Field greeting Leo Durocher and his Giants, he distributes said helping over kitchen walls, ceiling, floor, and your brand new nylon blouse, accompanying this gay action with a sound usually referred to as a "Bronx Cheer."

Or perhaps your darling is the "Sa-

boteur" type eater. While you're patiently concentrating your attentions on getting him to open his clamped-tight mouth so you can spoon in some strained liver and applesauce, he's calmly taking big handfuls of the precious stuff from his hot-plate and surreptitiously dropping it in your lap.

Or perhaps your little boy or girl is the "Borrowing" type eater. Happily, you place spoonful after spoonful of all kinds baby foods into his eager little mouth, marvelling at his appetite and your good fortune. But then, slowly, to your utter dismay, he returns said spoonfuls in one long continuous oozing glob, down chin, bib, pants, seat, and floor, smiling sweetly as you stew.

Perhaps your child is another kind of feeding problem, one not covered by the aforementioned classifications. In any case, he need not be! Feeding can be accomplished quickly and effectively. You merely have to do what I do.

Use a little applied psychology. Tie the little brat's hands to his highchair and ram the goo down his throat!

(DASHING HERO-TYPE MOVIES DEPT. (THE NEEDLE IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD! DIVISION): HOLLYWOOD SEEMS TO HAVE ABANDONED THE BLOOD-AND-THUNDER FORMULA FOR MORE SECATE METHODS OF STORY-TELLING. THE *SWANSBUCKLE* HAS BEEN REPLACED BY THE *DASH BUCKLE*... A SHOW OF *PASSIONS* HAS BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO A SHOW OF *FASHIONS*... AND *BOLD TUGGLES* HAVE BEEN CONVERTED INTO *GOLD TASSLES*. ALL IN ALL, IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THE MOVIE-MAKERS HAVE BEATEN THEIR *SWORDS* INTO *PINKING-SHEARS*...OR SO IT WOULD SEEM AFTER SEEING THEIR LATEST EPIC...

"BO BUMMEL"

"-OR-" "MUCH ADO ABOUT CLOTHING"

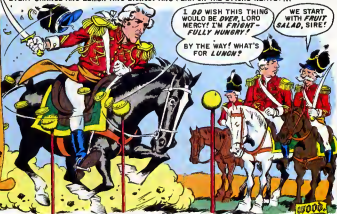
In the days of Napoleon, Nelson and Wellington, of Pitt, Burke and Fox, there lived a man known as Bo Bummel...

Lord Byron said that he was the greatest man in Europe...

Bummel agreed.

This guy was one conceited Jerk!

THE STORY OPENS ON THE PARADE GROUNDS OF THE 10TH ROYAL HUSSARS, THE PRINCE OF WALES'S OWN REGIMENT, WHERE WE SEE BO BUMMEL GIVING A BRILLIANT DISPLAY OF HORSEMANSHIP FOR THE ONLOOKING PRINCE. AS HE RIDES DOWN THE GROUNDS, BO SLICES EVERY ORANGE AND LEMON AND BANANA AND PEAR ON THE STICKS NEATLY...



THEN BO RIDES BACK DOWN THE GROUNDS, PIERCING EVERY CONUT ON THE STRINGS...



SORRY, NO, SIRE! CAPTAIN BUMMEL HAS JUST DUNKED THE COUGHNUTS INTO LADY ELIZABETH'S LAP!

WHAT?? WHY THE IMPUDENT SINKER?



THE PRINCE OF WALES IS VISIBLY IRKED AT THIS WASTE OF PERFECTLY GOOD DONUTS. AND SO... WHEN THE REGIMENT LINES UP FOR INSPECTION...

FAIRLY NICE RIDING, CAPTAIN BUMMEL... BUT YOU WERE SLOPPY AND AWKWARD! YOU HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO FORM!

IT'S THESE RIDICULOUS EPAULETS, SIRE! THEY DON'T FIT THIS TYPE OF UNIFORM! IN FACT, THE UNIFORM IS SUFFERING FROM 940 EPAULETIC FITS!



WHAT? CAPTAIN BUMMEL, DO YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW WHO DESIGNED THIS UNIFORM?!

PROBABLY SOME FAT JERK WHO FELT THESE RIDICULOUSLY LARGE EPAULETS WOULD HAVE A SLIMMING EFFECT! SOMEONE SLOPPY AND AWKWARD... WITH ABSOLUTELY NO FORM!



I DESIGNED THE UNIFORM MYSELF, CAPTAIN BUMMEL... AND THIS IS RANK INSUBORDINATION! CONSIDER YOURSELF UNDER ARREST!

I'VE BEEN UNDER ARREST EVER SINCE I PUT ON THESE TIGHT PANTS!



CAPTAIN BUMMEL! I ORDER YOU TO BE STRIPPED OF YOUR UNIFORM IN FRONT OF THE ENTIRE REGIMENT! YOU'RE THROUGH! WASHED UP! FINISHED! OUSTED!

FINE CLOTH... WASHABLE FINISHED! WORSTED!



AND SO, BEFORE THE EYES OF HIS FELLOW OFFICERS, 'BO' BUMMEL SUFFERS THE UNSPEAKABLE DISGRACE OF BEING STRIPPED OF HIS UNIFORM. MOSTLY HE'S DISGRACED BECAUSE THIS CATCHES HIM WEARING HIS LONG RED UNDERWEAR WHICH CLASHES TERRIBLY WITH HIS CHARTREUSE EYE BALLS...



THAT NIGHT, LADY ELIZABETH COMES TO SEE BO...

SAY! NOW THERE'S A UNIFORM I LIKE!

OH, THIS OLD DRESS! IT'S REALLY NOTHING.

THAT'S WHY I LIKE IT!



BO! YOU REALLY MUST TRY TO GET BACK INTO THE PRINCE'S GOOD GRACES! WRITE HIM AN APOLOGY! SEND HIM A FLOWER! BUY HIM AN E.C. RUBS CRIPITION!

NEVER! I CANNOT COMPROMISE MY IMPECCABLE TASTE IN CLOTHING... NOT EVEN FOR A FUTURE KING! AND TAKE OFF THOSE EARRINGS!



BUT... BUT, BO! THE ARMY IS YOUR LIFE! WHERE WILL YOU GO? WHAT WILL YOU DO? HOW WILL YOU EARN YOUR LIVELIHOOD?

WHAT OTHER WORK CAN YOU DO?

HAVE YOU EVER WORKED FOR A PROFIT-MAKING ORGANIZATION?

DO YOU DEAL IN SERVICES?

DOES THIS THING YOU DO MAKE PEOPLE HAPPIER?

IS IT BIGGER THAN A BREAD-BOX?

AND I'M NOT WEARING EARRINGS!



YOU'RE RIGHT, LADY ELIZABETH!
I HAVE NO MONEY...NO FAMILY...
NO SOCIAL POSITION!

I AM UNEDUCATED...ILL-MANNERED
UNGOUTH...STUBBORN...AND
COMPLETELY FRIENDLESS!

SOB...THERE'S ONLY ONE THING
I CAN DO!

YOU MEAN...

YES! BECOME A
POLITICIAN!

AND SO, WITH BUT 14 SHILLINGS, HIS FAITHFUL VALET, IRVING, AND 3,862
SUITS TO HIS NAME, BO PREPARES TO LAUNCH HIMSELF ON A POLITICAL
CAREER WHICH IS DESTINED TO ROCK THE ROYAL COURT TO ITS VERY
FOUNDATIONS...

PLEASE HURRY, IRVING! I
HAVE A PRESSING
ENGAGEMENT!

SO HAVE I! HOLO STILL NOW...
I'LL GIVE YOU THAT "FLAT LOOK"!



FASHION NOTE: GIRLS WEARING DRESSES WITH LOW
NECK-LINES ARE GOING OUT! ALMOST EVERY NIGHT, TOO!

BO BUMMEL
C.P.A.
(CLEANING
HOUSE
ALTERATIONS)

BO'S SPEECHES ARE THE TALK OF
LONDON...

I DON'T MIND THE PRINCE OF
WALES SPENDING THE PEOPLE'S
HARD EARNED MONEY KEEPING A
RACING STABLE...

BUT HOW MANY STABLES ARE
THERE AROUND THESE DAYS THAT
HE CAN RAGE HIS AGAINST?



HERE,
HERE!

OH, SHUT UP! YOUR
OLD BARN CAN'T EVEN
RUN AT A PROFIT!

JUST LOOK AT THESE RIDICULOUS
THINGS OUR ARMY IS FORCED TO
WEAR AS PART OF ITS UNIFORMS!
WIGS! E.G. BUTTONS...

DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW MANY
INDIANS A SOLDIER HAS TO
BURN TO KEEP HIS WIG WARM?



TOPPING!

HAIR,
HAIR!

OH, SHUT UP!
YOU'RE WEARING
A TEEPEE,
YOURSELF!

WHO'S MAKING US THE LAUGHING-
STOCK OF ALL EUROPE? WHO?
I'LL TELL YOU WHO!

THE PRINCE OF WALES, THAT'S WHO!

...AND WE THOUGHT IT WAS
THE EDITORS OF PANIC!

WHY, THE PRINCE ISN'T
FIT TO POLISH MY BOOTS!

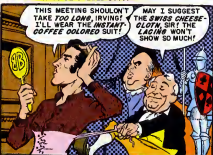
AS A PRINCE HE'S OKAY,
I ADMIT... BUT AS A BOOT-
POLISHER... PHONEY!



TOUPEE, IDIOT,
NOT TEEPEE!

SO SIOUX
ME!

NEWS OF BO'S SPEECHES REACH THE PRINCE AND HE
ORDERS THE EX-CAVALRY OFFICER BROUGHT BEFORE
HIM. THIS CREATES A PROBLEM FOR BO! WHAT TO WEAR
WHEN ONE IS TO BE CHEWED OUT?



THIS MEETING SHOULDN'T
TAKE TOO LONG, IRVING!
I'LL WEAR THE INSTANT-
COFFEE COLORED SUIT!

MAY I SUGGEST
THE SWISS CHEESE-
GLOIN, SIR! THE
LAGING WON'T
SHOW SO MUCH!

AND SO, BO GOES BEFORE THE FURIOUS PRINCE...



BUMMEL! I WANT YOU
TO CEASE THESE
SLANDEROUS RABBLE-
ROUSING SPEECHES
IMMIDJATLY!

DO YOU HEAR ME?
IMMIDJATLY!

YOUR
NIGH-
NESS...

DO YOU
THINK
HE'LL BE
MADE A
MINISTER?

HE'S IN
HOLEY
ATTIRE!

YOU'RE REALLY NOT A *BAD* SORT, BUMMELL! YOU'VE CHARM, LIFE, LOOKS, VOGUE, ...

I COULD USE SOMEONE LIKE YOU IN MY COURT!

YOUR GRACE...



IN FACT, IF YOU SHOULD DECIDE TO MEND YOUR *HAIR*, I MIGHT EVEN APPOINT YOU MY *PERSONAL* ADVISOR.

WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY TO THAT?

YOU'RE KIDDING!



NOT AT ALL! YOU COULD ADVISE ME AS TO WHICH *FARTMENT* IS SUITABLE FOR EACH *FUNCTION*, WHICH *COLOR* IS RIGHT FOR MY *COMPLEXION*, ... WHICH *PEE* IS *KEET*...

IN SHORT... YOU WILL HELP ME TO DRESS *HATTEN*! IS IT A DEAL?



AND SO, AT THAT MEETING IS BORN A DEEP AND ABIDING FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN THE FUTURE MONARCH AND THE EX-CAVALRY OFFICER... A FRIENDSHIP WHICH IS TO ENDURE FOR MANY, MANY YEARS... AND ABOUT WHICH LORD BYRON IS TO LATER PEN THE IMMORTAL SONNET, ...



BO THROWS HIMSELF INTO HIS NEW DUTIES WITH HIS ACCUSTOMED VIGOR AND AN PASSION FOR CLEANLINESS AND GOOD GROOMING...

COLONEL! I UNDERSTAND THAT THE CASTLE GUARDS HAVE BEEN WEARING THE SAME UNDERSHIRTS FOR YEARS AT A TIME! IS THIS TRUE?

IT IS, SIRE...

WELL! I SEE IT'S TIME FOR A CHANGE!



HEREAFTER, EACH CASTLE GUARDSMAN WILL CHANGE HIS UNDERSHIRTS ONCE A MONTH! IS THAT CLEAR?

BUT, SIRE! EACH MAN ONLY HAS ONE SET OF UNDERSHIRTS!

WELL, THEN, LET THEM CHANGE WITH EACH OTHER! I WON'T STAND FOR UNSANITARY CONDITIONS IN THE PRINCE'S HOUSEHOLD!



BO CONTINUES TO SHOCK AND AMUSE THE COURT WITH HIS NEW AND STARTLING IDEAS OF DRESS, ...

IT'S SOMETHING I COOKED UP! I CALL IT A *SMOKING JACKET*! IT'S MADE OF CAMEL'S HAIR. ISN'T IT COOL?

I THINK IT'S *RALEIGH* CHARMING!

IMAGINE THAT IN *PARLIAMENT*!

HOW *CAVALIER*!

WHAT WILL THE *REGENT* SAY?



PUZZLE: WHICH POPULAR BRAND OF CIGARETTES DOES THIS PICTURE REPRESENT?

LADY ELIZABETH COMES TO BO'S RESIDENCE AND PLEADS WITH HIM TO CURB HIS LAVISH, RECKLESS SPENDING.

WHY DON'T YOU ARRANGE TO PUT ASIDE A FEW POUNDS A WEEK? THEN, IN 10 OR 20 YEARS, IF THERE'S A DEPRESSION, YOU'LL HAVE A SIZEABLE SUM TO FALL BACK ON!

AND IF THERE'S NO DEPRESSION, THERE AM, STUCK WITH ALL THAT MONEY, I'M SURE!



WE KNOW IT'S AN OLD GAG! IT WAS BO BUMMELL WHO FIRST SAID IT...

ANSWER: CHESTERFIELD! IF YOU GUESSED IT, IT WAS A LUCKY STRIKE!

BUT AS LONG AS YOU'RE HERE, LET ME SHOW YOU MY HOUSE! NOTICE THE DECORATIONS IN THIS ROOM! THE WALLS ARE LIVER MAROON...THE CEILING, HEARTY RED...THE DRAPES, TONGUE PINK...THE RUG, KIDNEY YELLOW...AND THE UPHOLSTERY, VEIN BLUE. I CALL THIS THE "ORGAN ROOM!"

I THINK I'M GOING TO BE SICK!

NOT HERE! IN THE "SICK ROOM!"

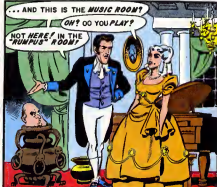
Drawing Room



... AND THIS IS THE MUSIC ROOM!

OH? DO YOU PLAY?

NOT HERE! IN THE "RUMPUS" ROOM!



LADY! I ADORE YOU! I LOVE YOU! MARRY ME, ELIZABETH, AND BE MY TAILOR!

DOPS! SORRY, M.G.M.!

NO, BO! NO GO! OH! NO! I'M NOT INTERESTED IN RIDING A HURRICANE ON A TOSSENG SEA... MOUNTAINOUS WAVES LASHING AT MY SECURITY... TOSSENG ME FROM CREST TO CREST... THIS WAY AND THAT... UP AND DOWN... GULP...



WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

I JUST REMEMBERED I FORGOT TO BUY THE LATEST ISSUE OF PIRACY!



BUMMELL, DETERMINED TO MAKE LADY ELIZABETH HIS BRIDE, DECIDES TO TRY TO WHEELIE A TITLE OUT OF HIS FRIEND THE PRINCE...

NOW WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT WANTING ME TO BESTOW A TITLE UPON YOU, BO?

YOU'VE GOT TO, PRINCE, BWAH! I'M IN LOVE WITH LADY ELIZABETH, AND SHE WON'T HAVE ME WITHOUT A TITLE!



SORRY, BO, BWAH! ALL THE FERSHLUGHNER TITLES ARE USED UP! I ALREADY HAVE A DUKE OF ELLINGTON, A COUNT OF BASIE AND AN EARL OF BOSTIC...



SO!! AFTER 12 YEARS OF DEVOTION, THIS IS THE THANKS I GET! 12 YEARS OF GOING THROUGH THICK AND THINNER WITH YOU! 12 YEARS OF PICKING OUT CLOTHES THAT MIGHT MAKE THAT FAT FIGURE OF YOURS A LITTLE LESS HIDEOUS!

I THINK IT'S 13 YEARS, BO...



THIRTEEN, BIRNTHTEEN! GET OUT! NEVER DARKEN MY PASTEL TINTED DOOR AGAIN!

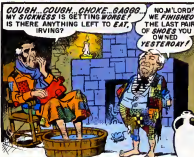
IF YOU LIT UP, I COULD MAKE YOU A MARQUIS OF THEATERS!



AND SO, THE FRIENDSHIP IS BROKEN. LORD BYRON, THE POET... INTIMATE FRIEND OF BOTH BO AND THE PRINCE... TRIES TO INTERVENE IN AN EFFORT TO RECONCILE THE TWO...



MANY YEARS LATER, WE FIND BUMMEL IN A FRENCH GARRET... COLD, HUNGRY, FEVERISH WITH CONSUMPTION... AND ONLY HIS OLD FAITHFUL RETAINER IRVING TO LOOK AFTER HIM...



FOR A BRIEF MOMENT, OUR HERO IS THE OLD BO... SPIRITED... VITAL... ONCE AGAIN CHOOSING HIS ENSEMBLE WITH METICULOUS CARE...



AS A TOKEN OF PEACE, WHY NOT GIVE HIM YOUR SCIMITAR? BOY, IT'S TOUGH WRITING POEMS IN IAMBIC PENTAMETER!



NEVER! I INTEND TO KEEP THIS CAVALRY SWORD AS A REMINDER OF THE DAY THAT FAT FRIEND OF YOURS HUMILIATED ME IN FRONT OF MY ENTIRE REGIMENT!

AND SO, PLAGUED WITH DEBTS, BO BUMMEL EXILES HIMSELF FROM THE ENGLAND HE LOVES AND THE FRIENDS HE HOLDS DEAR, SELLING HIS REMAINING POSSESSIONS TO PAY FOR HIS AND IRVING'S CROSSING TO CALAIS...



LADY ELIZABETH MARRIES A TITLED GENTLEMAN, THE PRINCE BECOMES KING, AND THE YEARS GO BY. THE NAME OF BO BUMMEL IS ALMOST COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN.

LOOK, IRVING! IT SAYS IN THE "DAILY PARISITE" THAT THE KING IS MAKING A WORLD TOUR... AND HE'S COMING HERE... TO CALAIS! I MUST SEE HIM, IRVING... COUGH, COUGH...



MUSTERING HIS LAST BIT OF STRENGTH, BO STAGGERS DOWN THE STAIRS, NEW FOUND ENERGY COURSES THROUGH HIS SICKLY LIMBS AT THE PROSPECTS OF SEEING A FAMILIAR FACE AGAIN...



HIS OLD FRIEND, THE PRINCE OF WALES... NOW KING OF ENGLAND... RECOGNIZES A FAMILIAR FACE ON THE FRINGE OF THE CROWD...

LOOK! LOOK AT THAT FELLOW STANDING OVER THERE! IT LOOKS LIKE... LIKE...

BUT, NO! IT COULDN'T BE...!

IT IS! IT'S BO BUNNELL!

OH! I THOUGHT YOU MEANT THAT GUY WHO LOOKS LIKE NAPOLEON! WHO'S BO BUNNELL?

OVERCOME BY EMOTION, BO CRUMPLES TO THE GROUND...

NELLO, BO! WHAT'S NEW? YOU'RE LOOKING CHIPPER!

DON'T PRETEND... COUGH, COUGH... OLD FRIEND! I KNOW I AM NOT LONG FOR THIS WORLD! JUST LOOK HOW I AM PERSPIRING! I'M BATHED IN A POOL OF SWEAT! I'M RINGING WET!

DON'T BE A CAMP FOOL, BO! YOU'RE LYING IN A MUD-PUDDLE!

I'M SUFFERING FROM CONSUMPTION, YOUR MAJESTY!

CONSUMPTION BE DONE ABOUT IT, BO?

RUE DEWAY

THAT REMAINS T.B. SEEN, SIRE!

GOOD OLD BO! YOU HAVEN'T LOST THAT WITTY, BRASS SENSE OF HUMOR, HAVE YOU?

RUE WORGUE

NO, BUT I LOST MY WITTY BROS. SUITS OF GLOTHES, GEORGE, BWAH!

DON'T WORRY, BO, BWAH! WE'LL HAVE YOU BACK IN ENGLAND AND FIKE UP GOOD AS NEW! YOU KNOW, I'M KING NOW!

SO WHAT ELSE IS NEW?

ALL OF YOUR OLD FRIENDS ARE HERE!

YOU MEAN LADY ELIZABETH IS HERE?

YES, BO...

AND LORD MERGER IS HERE?

YES, BO...

AND MR. PITT IS HERE?

YES, BO...

AND MR. FOX IS HERE?

YES, BO...

AND LORD BYRON IS HERE?

YES, BO...

THEN THERE'S JUST ONE THING I WANT TO KNOW BEFORE I DIE, GEORGE, OLD BOY...

YES, BO...?

SO WHO'S WATCHING THE HABERDASHERY STORE?

-THE END-